



## Buried Alive



32 0 1

### Chapter 1 by Anticitizen One

A head suddenly jerks to life and smashes into the interior of a chest. The thud isn't heard by the individuals outside the sepulcher, cleaning up their tracks. Nor is the bumping, scratching, panting, screaming and wailing that followed. Lucius had been in tight spots before, but never like this.

He stops his histrionic and collects his thoughts. He couldn't determine whether he was in a box, crate of some sort or some other container. Though it was pitch black, he felt fine silk upholstery all around him. He pushed up on the lid of the container with his hands and knees; but it wouldn't give an inch to him.

They told him not to go after The Cobra and he didn't listen. The Cobra told him he was going to bury him alive and he didn't listen. Now he was alone, probably underground, probably soon to suffocate. He thought about his Testarossa, and how it would probably be stolen. He thought about Vivian, and how she would probably be killed. All because he tried to be a hero and take down the big boss.

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